

Grand Celebration OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

June 17, 1843.

SCENE: A Village Store—a Stranger passing—Time, Daybreak.

"HALLO there, mister, why so fast!
What's called you out so soon?"
"It is," he said, as on he passed,
"The seventeenth day of June."
"The seventeenth day of June," cried I,
As in the door I stood,
"I know that too," was my reply,
In quite a surly mood.
Another soon approached my shop,
Who seemed quite out of breath;
I said, "My friend, I hope you'll stop,
Nor run yourself to death.
What makes you travel in such haste?
Is any sick or dead?"
Come, stop, and rest awhile, and taste
A bit of Indian bread."
"I thank you friend, I have no need
The slightest thing to eat;
But I must travel on with speed,
Or I shall lose my seat.
I've walked a long way from the West,
To hear Dan Webster speak,
I'll stop one moment, sir, and rest,
I feel so tired and weak."
"But tell me, good sir, if you can,
Where Webster speaks today?
I've something heard of that great man,
But what I cannot say.
I too, if I can leave my home,
Should like to hear him speak,
They say, he beat that man of Rome,
And that old famous Greek."
"Those wondrous men I do not know,
Whom you are pleased to name."
"They flourished many years ago,
And reached the highest fame.
Demosthenes and Cicero
Are those of whom I speak,
The one in Latin wrote, you know,
The other wrote in Greek."
But why does Webster speak today?
Whose cause does he defend?
No doubt he'll make a grand display,
Indeed I must attend."
The stranger then, as if inspired,
Quite eloquent became,
His narrative I much admired,
It thrilled my very frame.
He said, "that Dan would speak today,
About the Revolution,
And make, no doubt, his best display
Of splendid elocution.
He'll tell us all about those men,
Whom history enrols
On her enduring page, and then
Of times, that tried men's souls,
He'll tell us, how on Bunker's height,
True Yankee blood was stirred,
When summoned hastily to fight
With troops of George the Third.
Right marvellous stories he will tell
Of men of worth and skill,

In freedom's cause who fought and fell
On Breed's or Bunker's Hill.
With eloquence he will recount
What Yankees there achieved,
Upon that celebrated Mount;
Feats hard to be believed.
In glowing language he will sketch
The history of that day;
And not forget that kingly wretch,
Who caused the bloody fray.
He'll paint with wondrous power and skill
The men, our troops who led,
And gained renown on Bunker's Hill;
The living and the dead.
Great Warren's deeds he will relate,
And his undying fame;
And speak of his untimely fate,
Which tongues will long proclaim.
He'll tell of Brooks, and Stark, and Put,
Of Prescott, Bridge and Read,
Or Pomeroy too, and that great trust,
Who rode with swiftest speed.
Others in lofty strains he'll praise,
Important parts who bore,
True patriots in those trying days,
Men known to fame before.
Of those great statesmen he'll discourse,
Who plead our righteous cause,
And laud them in such strains, 'twill force
Loud thunders of applause.
The Adamses, to none who yield,
Hancock and Otis too,
And Washington, our sun and shield,
Will pass before his view.
You'll hear him forcibly relate,
How British demons came,
And, thus to show their deadly hate,
Set Charlestown in a flame.
Just sixty-eight years now have rolled,
Since that eventful day,
When those distinguished statesmen hold
To freedom led the way.
'Twas on the seventeenth day of June,
When that great fight occurred
On Bunker's far-famed Hill at noon,
With troops of George the Third.
That was a most eventful day,
And ne'er will be forgot,
When Yankees, hid by coats of hay,
Let fly the bullets hot.
King George's "reg'lars" could not stand
The Yankees' well-aimed fire,
And to their boats they fled from land,
Where'er they could retire.
A Monument has there been reared,
That blood-stained spot to tell,
Where valiant Warren long endeared,
And his brave comrades fell.
That stately Pile shall long endure,
To tell what deeds were done,
By men our freedom to secure,
And independence won.

'Twill also long perpetuate
The Builder's name and skill,
And those, who did associate,
To raise it on that Hill.
But Webster's name shall far outlive
The Pile on Bunker's height,
And every year fresh lustre give,
'Till time shall take its flight.
O what a gathering there will be
Of human beings there!
A sight most wonderful to see!
'Twill prove a grand affair.
A multitude, which none can count,
Assembled there to hear
Our favorite Webster on the Mount,
The Man, whom all revere.
Though he's most eloquent, 'tis true,
And speaks distinct and loud,
Yet he'll be heard by very few
Amid so vast a crowd.
The President, that Veto man,
John Tyler will be there,
And 'twixt the Monument and Dan,
Will occupy a chair.
Spencer and Upshur too, I hear,
The spectacle will grace.
While Morton, to the locus dear,
Will have his proper place.
And many more, I dare engage,
Will honor Bunker Hill,
Of those, who figure on the stage,
And posts of honor fill.
Some veterans too, I understand,
Once more that Mount will read,
The remnants of that noble band,
Who bravely fought and bled.
Those men, who've almost run their race,
With locks of silvery white,
Will have a most conspicuous place,
On Bunker's far-famed height.
But I've not time, Sir, to relate
All I should like to say;
Nor can I any longer wait,
But must be on my way.
No doubt there'll be so great a throng,
I shall not get a place,
Unless I now, Sir, move along.
And walk with rapid pace.
I want, if possible, to stand,
Where I can hear friend Dan,
And grasp with ecstacy the hand
Of that transcendent man."
"I've never heard that great man's voice,
And fear, I never will;
But I should heartily rejoice,
To visit Bunker Hill.
So now, as you have stopped so long,
And 'tis delightful weather,
I'll take my horse, that's stout and strong,
And we'll drive on together.